

A Fawcett Publication

# Gabby Hayes

## Western

MARCH

10¢

NO. 16



In this issue: **THE GHOST HERD!**

# CHIEF GRAY MATTER

in AN  
APPROPRIATE  
NAME



WHY, THAT'S DOCTOR  
YANK, THE TOWN  
DENTIST! I WONDER  
WHAT HE'S DOING  
HERE!



HELLO, DOCTOR  
YANK. WHAT'S  
GOND ONE?

HOWDY, CHIEF GRAY  
MATTER. HAVEN'T YUH  
HEARD? I'M BUILDING  
A NEW HOUSE HYAR!



BUT YOU'LL STILL  
KEEP YOUR OFFICE  
IN TOWN, WON'T  
YOU?

NO, I'LL DO MY  
DENTAL WORK OUT  
HYAR! IT ISN'T TOO  
FAIR FOR THE FOLKS  
TUH COME!



SAY, WERE YUH  
CAN GUESSST  
A NAME FOR  
MY PLACE, CHIEF?  
I OWN FORTY  
ACRES AND  
I'D LIKE TO  
CALL IT SOMETHING  
NICE!

HOHM, LET  
ME  
THINK!



FORTY ACRES, EH? WELL,  
IF YOU'RE GOING TO  
HAVE YOUR DENTAL  
OFFICE HERE, I  
HAVE AN  
APPROPRIATE  
NAME!

REALLY,  
WHAT  
IS IT?



TOOTH ACRES!



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contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

*W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President*

MARFSTAR

# GABBY HAYES

## and the LONG HAUL to SUNDANCE

GABBY HAYES,  
GOLD-MINING  
ADVENTURES AND  
BLOOD-SUCKLING  
DISPERIDORS ARE  
ONLY A FEW OF THE  
PERILS THAT SLOW  
DOWN GABBY IN HIS  
HARROWING RACE  
AGAINST TIME  
ON THE

LONG  
HAUL TO  
SUNDANCE!

"YOU'LL KILL ME,  
YIM LOOOO OLE  
BUSTARD! WE'LL  
FALL FIVE THOUSAND  
FEET (LORDA!)  
TO THE ROCKS  
BELOW!"

"WAGON! FALL  
IN YOUR BARN,  
NASTY! THE  
HORSES SLOW BE  
DOWN! WE GOTTA  
MAKE FIVE MILES  
IN FIVE MINUTES!"

"NASTY" GABBY AND HIS GANG WANT TELL  
A CERTAIN TRUCKING WAGON PASSES BELOW.

"IT'S GABBY  
HAUL! LET'S  
RIP, MEN!"

AWK!



**A HALF-HOUR LATER, GABBY HAYES, FOREMAN OF THE BAR NOTHING RANCH, COMES ACROSS THE WOODS.**



**GABBY RUSHES CARGO TO TOWN, WHERE PROBERT AND IS GIVEN...**









WE'LL STOP HIM  
EASY NOW! HE'S  
GONNA STICK TO THE  
ROAD WITH THAT  
WAGON! WE'LL CUT  
ACROSS COUNTRY TO  
BEAT HIM TO THE  
RIVER FERRY!

NEASTY AND HIS MEN RACE TO THE  
FERRY WHO OVERCOME THE FERRY PAGE.

SIT TIGHT,  
PARDY! MY BOYS  
AIM TO MAKE  
BELIEVE THAT  
THEY RUN  
THE FERRY!

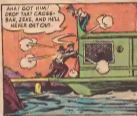
HERE  
COMES  
GABBY  
BOSS!



INTO THE  
LOWER  
DECK, PALL!



THAT HE  
DOES! NOW  
LOOK HIM IN!



AH! GOT HIM!  
DROP THAT CROSS-  
BAR, ZEEK, AND HE'LL  
NEVER GET OUT!



GOOD! THE CURRENT WILL SWEEP  
THE FERRY OUT TO MIDSTREAM!  
WITH THE HOLES WE PINCHED  
IN ITS BOTTOM, IT'LL SINK IN  
LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES!

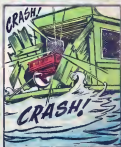
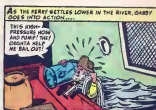


WHAT IN  
TARNATION  
IS THIS... A  
BOAT OR A  
SIEVE?



HALP! HALP!  
LET US OUT!  
WE'RE SINKING!

GREAT BALLS  
OF FIRE! THE  
VARMINTS  
LOCKED US IN!  
WE'RE TRAPPED!





WHILE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER.  
WHAT FOOL LUCK! HE GOT ACROSS!  
NOW WHAT BOSS?



I'LL TAKE HORSES FOR HIM TO FLOOD UP THE MOUNTAINS BEHIND AS REACHES SANDANCE! WE'LL GO AHEAD AND AMBUSH HIM AT MILE-HIGH PASS! WE COULD STOP A WHOLE REGIMENT THERE!



AT LOFTY MILE-HIGH PASS, NASTY CAREFULLY STATIONS HIS MEN...  
STICK BEHIND THIS BOULDER, ZEEB. WE'LL HAVE GABBY COVERED FROM ALL SIDES!  
YEP! AND WE'LL BE SAFE BEHIND THE ROCKS WHILE HE'S OUT IN THE OPEN!



HA! ONCE HE GETS STUCK IN THAT NARROW PASS, HE CAN'T TURN! WE'LL POUR THE LEAD INTO HIM!



CHOO, HORSES! TIMES OUTTING-FAST! KEEF, PULLING! MILE-HIGH PASS IS ONLY A FEW STEPS AHEAD.



HA! HE MADE IT! FROM NOW ON IT'S ALL BOMMHILL! FIRE!



BOARDS! IT'S LIKE TARGET PRACTICE! HE AIN'T GOT A CHANCE!

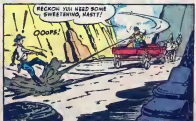


DADGUMNED BUSH-WHACKERS! I'LL TAKE COVER BEHIND THE CARGO!





GABBY WHIPS THE ROSE  
AROUND IN A CIRCLE, ARCHING  
THE MOLASSES UP OVER THE ROADS  
TO GET EACH ANKLED!





GOT TEN, MARTY! GOT IN THE WAGON! I AM TO DELIVER TEN TO THE SUNDANCE HOODEBOW ALONG WITH MY CARGO!



HAW! HAW! TAKE A LOOK AT MY WATCH, CHUMP! I'VE WON AFTER ALL!



UHP! THAT GIVES ME FIVE MINUTES TO REACH SUNDANCE!

YEP! AND SUNDANCE IS FIVE MILES AWAY! RECKON CARGO HALL LOSES HIS CONTRACT SOME!



THAT'S A MILE A MINUTE DOWN THE STEEPEST, WINDWORNEST ROAD IN THE WEST!



THE STEEPER THE ROAD THE FASTER WE GO! ALL ABOARD EVERYBODY!

W-WHAT ARE YOU GOING? ARE YOU LOOD?



MORE WEIGHT WE GOT THE BETTER WE'LL HOLD THE ROAD! IT'S GOING TO BE A PLUMB DANGEROUS COAST!

HELP! LET ME OFF!



GABBY LEAPS ABOARD THE HORSE LESS WAGON AS IT PICKS UP SPEED. FASTER AND FASTER IT ROLLS DOWN THE STEEP MOUNTAIN-SIDE!

RECKON WE'RE DOING A MILE A MINUTE YET?

OWWW! WE'LL NEVER MAKE THE TURN!

SWOOSH



HALP! LOOK OUT! WE'RE GOING OVER!



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**Bill Boyd** AND

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# YOUNG FALCON

## THE RUSE!

I ADVISE YUH TO WAIT  
HEER AMONG CLOPPING  
THE NEW TERRITORY! IN  
A FEW HOURS A DETACH-  
MENT OF RIDERS IS  
DUE HERE. THEY'LL GIVE  
YUH PROTECTION AGENTS.

A FEW HOURS!  
TAKATION, MAN, I  
WANT TO GET STARTED.  
I'M NOT WAITING HOURS  
FOR SOME RIDERS!

AT THE LAST POINT  
BEFORE CROPPING  
THE ROMANCE VALLEY  
STEP, A SALLY OF  
NEW SETTLERS FROM  
THE EAST PAIDERS...



BUT THE BRIVAGE  
INDIAN WARRIORS,  
LED BY THE OUTLAW  
INDIAN BEAR, ARE  
SURE TO JUMP YUH, FRIEND!

WE'RE NOT  
AFRAID OF A FEW  
REDSKINS! I'M  
GETTING OUT, NOW!  
GOODBYE,  
THERE, ANY!



BUT LIFTING HEARBY AS HE WATERS  
HE SEES IS YOUNG FALCON, SON  
OF A MURDERED CHIEF AND GREAT  
WARRIOR! LONG HUNTERMAN OF THE  
WOODS, YOUNG FALCON IS A FRIEND TO  
ALL WHO ARE GOOD, A FOE OF ALL EVIL.

THAT MAN IS TOO STUBBORN FOR HIS  
OWN GOOD. I KNOW THE BEAR AND  
THOSE EVIL WARRIORS OF HIS WHO GIVE  
ALL MY PEOPLE A BAD NAME! THEY  
ARE SURE TO GET UPON THAT WAGON.



I WILL FOLLOW THEM.  
PERHAPS I CAN BE OF  
HELP!



**R**IDING SLOWLY, YOUNG FALCON FOLLOWS THE LONE WAGON FAR ACROSS THE WILDERNESS OF THE NEW LAND...



AND SOON AFTER, IN THE WAGON ITSELF...

LOOK, PA, SEE THE CAMPFIRE? AND THERE'S ANOTHER, ON THE NEXT RIDGE!

YER KOPPA! SOME FOLKS ARE MAKING CAMP. I LIKE TO BE CAMPFIRED. ALWAYS SORT OF MAKES ME FEEL COMFORTABLE!



**B**UT YOUNG FALCON HAS ALSO SEEN THE "CAMPFIRES" AND HE KNOWS THEM FOR WHAT THEY REALLY ARE...

**SMOKE SIGNALS!** TWO GROUPS OF BIG BEAR'S WARRIORS! THEY ARE PLANNING TO ATTACK THE WAGON WHEN IT REACHES THE VALLEY!



I MUST WARN THE WAGON THEY REACH THE VALLEY SHORTLY!



NO, THERE, GOOD PEOPLE! SEE BEAR AND HIS OUTLAW MINERERS PREPARE TO ATTACK YOU. TURN BACK, RACE QUICKLY FOR THE STATION!



PA, IT'S THE FILLER THAT WAS AT THE STATION!

KEEP MY WORDS—TURN BACK!

TURN BACK AFTER WE'VE GONE ALL THIS WAY? NOTHING DONE! WE HAD BETTER TAKE CARE OF OURSELVES!



TURN BACK—HURRCH! COME ON, THERE—BT A-WOON—AHO!

THAT FOOLISH, STUBBORN MAN REFUSES TO TAKE ADVICE!



BUT FOOLISH AS HE IS, I CANNOT STAND IDLY BY AND LET THIS HAPPEN! I MUST TRY TO SAVE THEM, SOMESON!

SAVING THE WAGON ROLLS ON INTO THE VALLEY, TILL SUDDENLY---



PA, YOU SHOULD'VE LISTENED TO THAT OTHER INDIAN. HE WARNED UP!

SHOOT AND DON'T TALK, MA! BESIDES, WHERE IS HE NOW THAT I REALLY NEED HIM?



BUT NOT FAR OFF, YOUNG FALCON STANDS TENSE A HEAVY BRANCH HE HAS JUST CUT FROM A TREE, AND---

I FEAR MY PLAN WILL WORK! I'LL RACE TOWARD THE VALLEY, DRAGGING THE BRANCH AS IT WILL RAISE A GREAT CLOUD OF DUSTY TRUST.



FROM THE VALLEY BIG BEAR AND HIS BRANCH WILL SEE IT, THINK IT'S CAUSED BY A FIGHT BAND OF BRERS COMING TO THE RESCUE AND THEY WILL FLEE. THAT IS MY ONE CHANCE TO SAVE THE WAGON.



MOMENTS LATER, IN THE VALLEY, THE RANGERS HALT THEIR ATTACK ON THE WAGON AS THEY SEE---

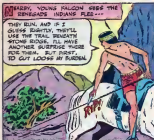
LOOK! THAT MISTY CLOUD OF DUST! MANY BRERS COME TO OUR GO GREAT A CLOUD!



COME, WE GO QUICKLY!

THEY'RE LEAVING! OH, PA, WE'VE BEEN SAVED, THANK THE LORD!





# GABBY HAYES

## AND THE Ghost Herd

GREAT BALLS OF FIRE!  
POWERFUL, GLEAMING CLOUD  
FORMATION! (GULP!)  
LOOKS LIKE A HERD  
OF STEERS! A-TREKING  
THROUGH THE SKY!

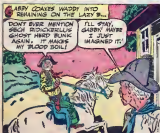
**N**O WONDER OLD HARRY KELLER  
TREMbles IN TERROR, FOR THE  
SKIES OVER HIS RANCH ARE HAUNTED  
BY THE PHANTOM STEERS OF  
THE GHOST HERD!

THEY ARE STEERS!

ONE THING I CAN'T STAND IS  
HAUNTS! IF THOSE SPOOKY STEERS  
MOVE IN, I'M MOVING OUT!

BRREEK!  
GIVES ME THE  
COLD SHIVERS!











**PLOP!**



I'LL KILL YOU FOR KNOCKING OUT MY MEN--AND I KNOW JUST THE WAY TO DO IT!



WHY? MORE, THIS LITTLE STUNT WILL END THE LAST SHRED OF MADDY'S SALES RESISTANCE!



HEN, HEN! WHEN MADDY SEES HIS OLD PAIRD RIDING WITH THE SHOOT ARRD HE'LL BELLY HE RANCH FOR TEN CENTS!



YOU'LL BE RIDING HIGH-- BUT NOT VERY HANDSOME!



THE WIND WILL CARRY HIM OVER THE LADY'S-- BUT I'LL BE THERE FIRST!



SOON... GOLLY, THIS PLACE IS CREEPY! YOU'LL HAVE A TUGH TIME SELLING A HAUNTED RANCH!

IS FINGER ON STAYING! GABBY HAD THE RIGHT IDEA!



SPEAKING OF GABBY, HEN'T THAT HIM NOW!

ULP!

YEEH! IT'S GABBY!  
NOW I KNOW THIS  
RANCH IS HAUNTED!



THE JERK AND RESCUES GABBY AND—  
DARNED IF I  
AMT NO SHORT  
GET ME OFF  
THE GUTTER!



THESE ME  
TALKS, TOO  
I'M LEAVING

FIRST SIGN THE BILL  
OF SALE I'LL TAKE  
THE HAUNTED RANCH  
FROM YOU AND GIVE  
YOU A WHOLE DOLLAR  
BENEFIT.



DON'T TALK  
OF MONEY  
AT A TIME LIKE THIS!

GABBY ANGRILY SPLURS THE  
RIFLE STEER—AND  
PUNCHES THE BULLWORM!



QUICK! I'LL  
SIGN ANYTHING  
JUST LET ME  
GO BEFORE I  
TURN LOGO!

OWH! HIS RIFLE  
FIRE THE BULLWORM!  
I'D LIKE TO DIE IN  
SPURS (AND THAT  
THINGS BULLWORMS)



AWK!



WAAHUP!

DOWN ON THE  
DOTTED  
HORN!



GABBY!  
YOU'RE DEAD!

I KNOW AM!



WATER—

I'M LEAVING SPURS  
FOR GOOD! WITH  
YOU AROUND A  
RAIDERS HADNT  
GOT A CHANCE!

YEEH! I CAN'T STAND  
BEING ANYONE BUT  
A BURN STEER!

# COYOTE CHASE!

A BUCK DESMOND Story

By Dick Kraus



**I**T WAS noon, and the sun glared down out of a cloudless blue sky as Buck Desmond rode into the Panhandle town of Grand Forks.

The rambling cowboy hitched his paint horse in front of the town's only eating place, and glanced up and down the main street. Not a person was to be seen—and there were no horses waiting along the street.

Buck scratched his head, puzzled.

"Funny," he said. "I'd always remembered this as a plumb lively little town! Wonder what's happened!"

He pushed open the swinging doors of the café and walked in. The heavy-set man behind the counter grinned at him cordially. "What'll you have, stranger?" he asked.

"Reckon it'll be ham an' eggs," Buck replied. "But first, tell me what's going on here. You're the first human I've met since I rode into Grand Forks. What's going on? Is the town deserted?"

"Deserted?" The café keeper laughed heartily and slapped his big hand against the counter. "Shucks no!" he roared. "The boys are just out on a coyote hunt."

"Coyote hunt?" Buck repeated. "What's that?"

The big man leaned over the counter. "It's like this," he replied. "The coyotes in these parts have been attacking calves and lambs, culling out sick stock and strays. Ranchers and farmers hereabouts have been losing plenty to them. So everyone decided to get together. They ride out of town in a big line, kind of a half circle, and out across the prairie rounding up the coyotes and moving them along! Gradually they close in, moving the ends of the line closer and closer—until they've got all the pesky critters in a pocket. And when they do . . . they wipe 'em out."

Suddenly, a waccato sound was heard from the street outside!

Bang. Bang. Bang.

"Shoot!" Buck exclaimed. Let's get out there and see what's happening!"

Together, the two men lunged through the

swinging door, out into the sun-baked street. Buck leveled his finger down the street.

"Look there!" he yelled. "By the bank!"

**E**VEN as he spoke, several men came running out of the front door of the Grand Forks bank. Sprinting into the alley by the bank, they disappeared for a moment. And when they came out, they were mounted and riding hard! As they quitted their broncs away from the bank, Buck saw another man crawling through the bank door.

"It's the bank teller," Buck exclaimed. "Looks like he's been hurt!"

Together, the rambling cowboy and the café owner raced toward the wounded man. Buck was first to reach him. He knelt over him, and ripped the blood-stained shirt from his shoulder wound.

As he worked, Buck asked quickly—"Who were they, Mister? Did you recognize any of them?"

The bank teller's lips twisted with pain as he replied.

"None. Total strangers—all five of them! They gunned me, and got away with three ranch payrolls—coming to more than five thousand dollars!" Angriily, he went on—"They must've known that everyone's out on the coyote hunt! It'll be impossible to raise a posse now—and by nightfall they'll be out of the country."

Buck Desmond suddenly rose to his feet. He had stopped the man's bleeding, and now his lean hands moved over the two coils in his own gunbelt.

"Maybe they were smart, picking today for a bank holdup," he said. "And maybe they weren't. Tell me," he asked the café keeper, "which way did the coyote hunters head?"

The husky man pointed a stubby thumb to the north.

"Up yonder," he replied. They're sweeping across the Pecos plain. That's where most of the coyotes have been hanging out!"

Buck loosened his guns in their holsters, and swung easily into his partner's saddle.

"So long, Mister," he said to the wounded bank teller. "I'm a-riding to see if I can't bring back your five thousand dollars—and the gems who grabbed it!"

With a wave of his battered Stetson, Buck was off, riding hard up the main street. The café keeper looked after him, shaking his head in bewilderment. "I sure don't know what that waddy's up to," he said. "He can't outgun five bandits by himself, and he doesn't have time to ride after the coyote hunt—to get men for a posse. Maybe he knows what he's doing, but I doubt it!"

**R**IDING hard, bent low next to the plane's arched neck, Buck Desmond's first job was to pick up the trail of the fleeing bank bandits.

"Faster, boy, faster!" he urged the rangy spotted bronco.

They were well out of town now, riding along the sagebrush-covered prairie. On either side, Buck could see a range of purple mountains. Ahead of him were the tracks of the outlaw gang, marked on the sandy soil. And beyond that what looked like a smudge of dust against the sky!

"It is!" Buck exclaimed to himself. "There they are—ahead of me, and riding fast!"

As he quirted the pony closer and closer to the escaping holdup men, a plan flashed into Buck's mind.

The robbers had used the coyote hunt to their own advantage. Knowing that Grand Forks would be deserted, they had struck hard and fast without warning. Why not turn the tables against them? Why not use the coyote hunt to catch them?

Kneeling his horse to the side, he came up behind the bandits, still out of gunshot. They saw him, and veered their horses to the right, cutting across the range at an angle. Two of them leveled their rifles and fired, but the bullets fell far short. As they fired they kept riding, curving away at an angle, to escape their pursuer.

Relentlessly, the wandering cowhand followed them. And always, he kept forging them farther and farther over to the right, always closer to the Piedra plain. Several times they

tried to cut away, but then he moved up on them and headed them back.

"Maybe I can't round them up," Buck granted to himself, "but I can sure control their direction!"

Again the fleeing bandits tried to break to the left, and again Buck spurred his horse forward, shooting quickly. Swerving to avoid his deadly fire, they headed north again.

"They're moving the way I want them to," he grinned. "It shouldn't be long now . . ."

All at once, riding out of the prairie ahead, Buck could see a long, ragged line of riders. It was the men of Grand Forks, out on their coyote hunt. Cleverly, Buck had bated the bandits along—herding them directly into the path of the hard-riding ranchers!

"It's a trap!" one of the outlaws shouted. "Cut back! Scatter!"

Wrenching back on their reins, the badmen came toward Buck at full gallop.

Holding steady, he fired at them as they came on.

Gunsmoke wreathed across the flatland, and two of the bandits were flung from their saddles to the hard ground. Now Buck was spurring hard after the remaining outlaws. Before he could reach them, though, the whole side wing of the coyote hunters had broken into a gallop, and had cut the fleeing gunmen off from escape!

Soon all the outlaws had been rounded up, and were standing in a huddled group.

**T**HE leader of the coyote hunters turned to Buck, still keeping his guns leveled at the outlaws. "What's up, Mister?" he asked. "How come you were chasing these hombres?"

Buck grinned widely.

"Search them and you'll find out," he said. "They got away from your bank in Grand Forks, with five thousand dollars in greenbacks. Reckon when you started your hunt today, ya s'posed you'd wind up with a mess of coyotes. But you never figured they'd be this kind of two-legged variety!"

THE END

Follow two-faced **BUCK DESMOND** in every issue of **GABBY HAYES WESTERN!**

# GABBY HAYES

## Plays POLO

YOUNG "BUTCH" DRACY RETURNS AFTER TEN YEARS OF EASTERN SCHOOLS TO RUN THE BUSINESS LEFT TO HIM BY HIS FATHER, BUT HIS ONLY CONCERN IS TO SEE THAT EVERYONE "PLAYS POLO!"



I GET IT! BUTCH IS JUST PULLING A JOKE ON US OLD-TIMERS! HEH! HEH!

















**LOCO  
LEW**

"IN THE DARK"

HUH?





WHAT DO YUH MEAN  
YUH DON'T RECOGNIZE  
ME ? IT'S ME----  
GABBY HAYES ! DON'T  
LET THIS HYAR NEW  
SHIRT FOOL YUH !